

Disney
THE
LION KING

A Dark and Scar-y Night



Scar sighed, watching the afternoon sun sink lower in the sky. Life just wasn't fair. *He* should be ruling over the Pride Lands, not his brother, Mufasa.

"Oh, Scar!" someone called in a singsong. It was Mufasa's steward, Zazu. "I bring an important announcement from the king!"

"And what, pray tell, does Mufasa want?" Scar asked the bird, lazily picking something out of his claws.

"*King* Mufasa," Zazu said, correcting him, "has decided it is time to prepare Simba for his future reign. He would like everyone to tell him tales of kings past this evening—a family story time, as it were."





Scar tensed. If there was anyone he hated more than Mufasa, it was his hairball of a nephew, Simba. If it weren't for him, Scar would be next in line for the throne.

Sensing Scar's anger, Zazu made a quick exit. "Story time begins promptly at sundown!" he called.

Scar leaped up, growling. What could be worse than being forced to entertain his nephew with a bedtime story? Unless . . .

Scar grinned as a positively wicked idea began to creep its way into his mind.

Scar crept over to the Elephant Graveyard. If his plan were going to work, he would need the help of the vicious hyenas who lived there.

“So let me get this straight,” Shenzi said. “You want us to sneak into the lions’ den and take the cub? With Mufasa right *there*?”

Scar smiled. “Leave Mufasa to me. He will be so distracted by my story, he won’t even notice you!”



“That doesn’t seem like the most foolproof idea,” Banzai said.

“You want to eat, don’t you?” Scar roared.

“We do!” Banzai cried.

“We enjoy eating,” Shenzi said, slapping a giggling Ed.

“Well,” Scar said, “once you steal the hairball away, you can have him.”



By the time Scar and the three hyenas reached the Pride Lands, night had fallen.

“Now remember,” Scar growled. “Listen closely to my story. I will let you know when and how to strike!”

Before the hyenas could reply, they heard the sound of voices coming toward them.

“Go!” Scar whispered as he spotted Mufasa and Simba rounding the corner.





“Scar,” Mufasa said, “Simba and I were headed up to begin the storytelling.”

“As was I,” Scar replied quickly. “I think I’ve got a *very* good tale to tell, too.”

Simba cocked his head. “Is it scary? I wanna hear something *really* scary. Not some boring story about an old king.”

Scar knelt down, an evil glint in his eye. “The scariest.”

“Cool!” Simba cried.

Soon the lions had gathered. Simba's friend Nala sat beside him. Across from them, Mufasa greeted the pride.

"Who would like to begin?" Mufasa asked.

"I would be honored to—" Zazu started.

"I'll go first," Scar interrupted, stepping forward.

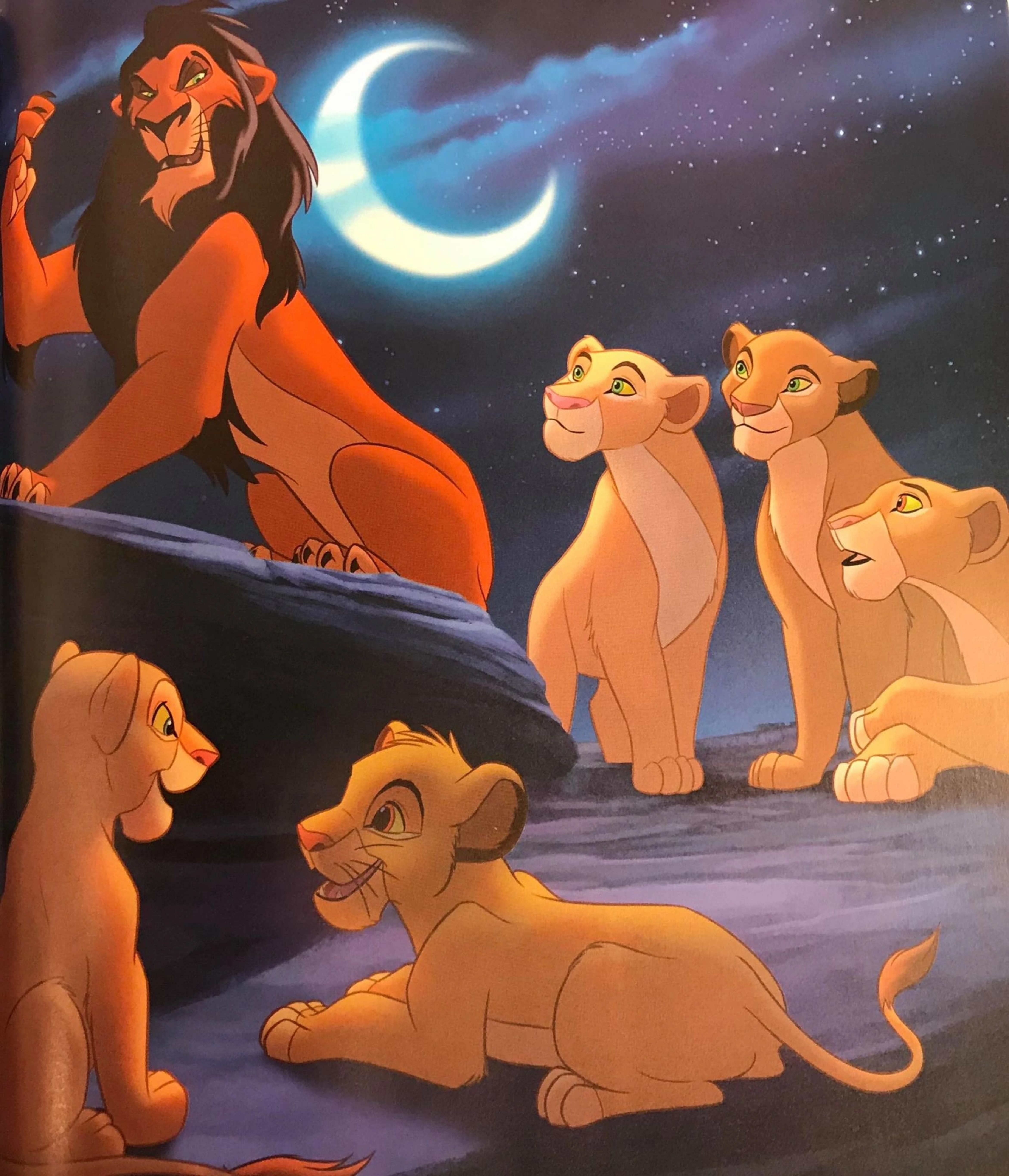
Mufasa looked at his brother in surprise.

"He said he had a *really* scary story," Simba whispered to Nala.

"Very well," Mufasa said.

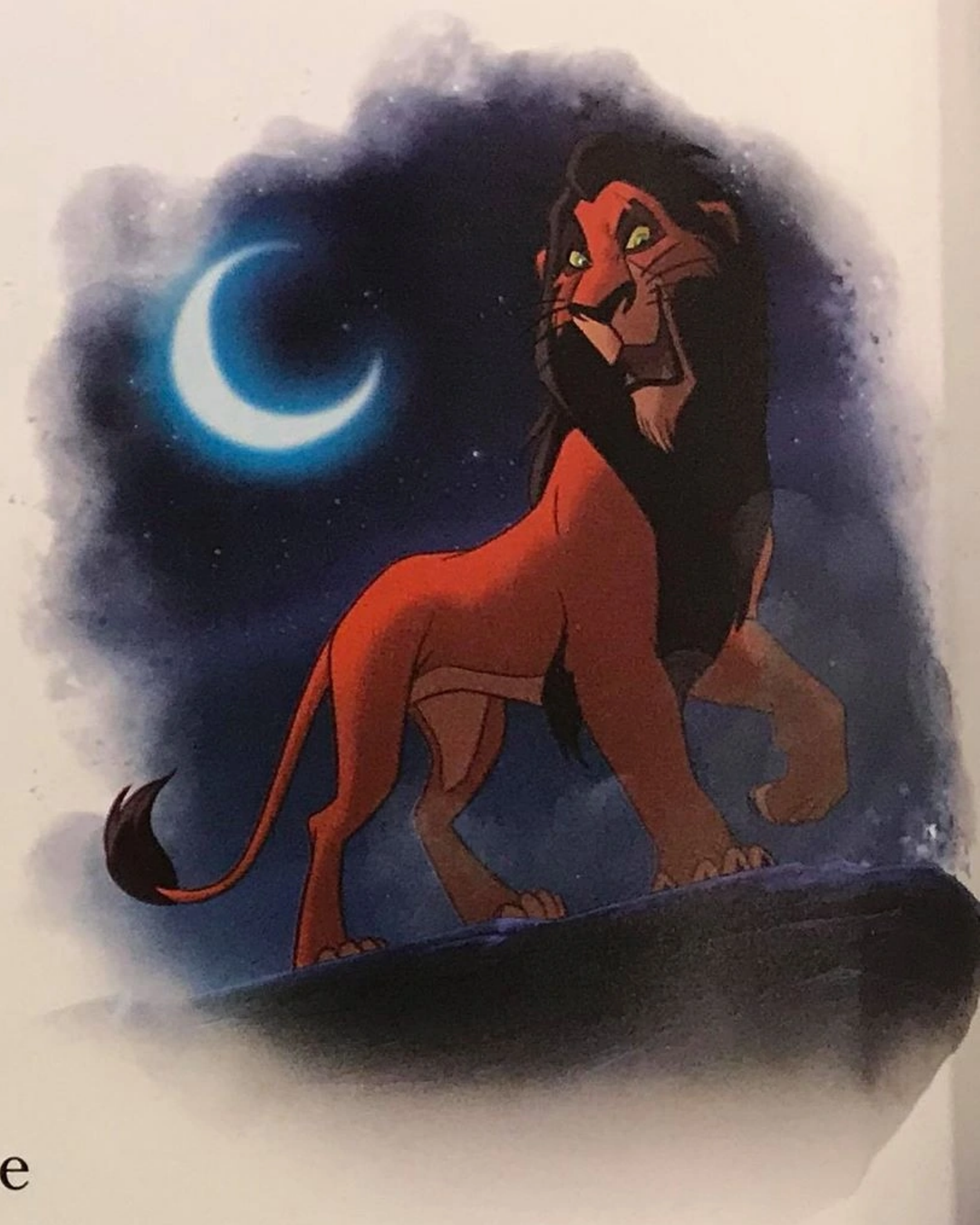
"Scar, the floor is yours."





Scar took a deep breath and began:
“Once upon a time, there lived a foolish king with many enemies.”
Scar glared down at Simba, who was hanging on his every word. “One night, the king decided to host a gathering. He invited animals from far and wide. This pleased the king’s enemies. They knew the king would be distracted by his guests. This was their chance!

“The king’s enemies invited some mighty elephants to the gathering. The elephants’ feet were so large that they kicked up a large amount of dirt”—Scar scraped his large paws on the ground, creating a cloud of dust—“which made it difficult for the king and his subjects to see. It was the perfect opportunity to take the king without anyone noticing!”

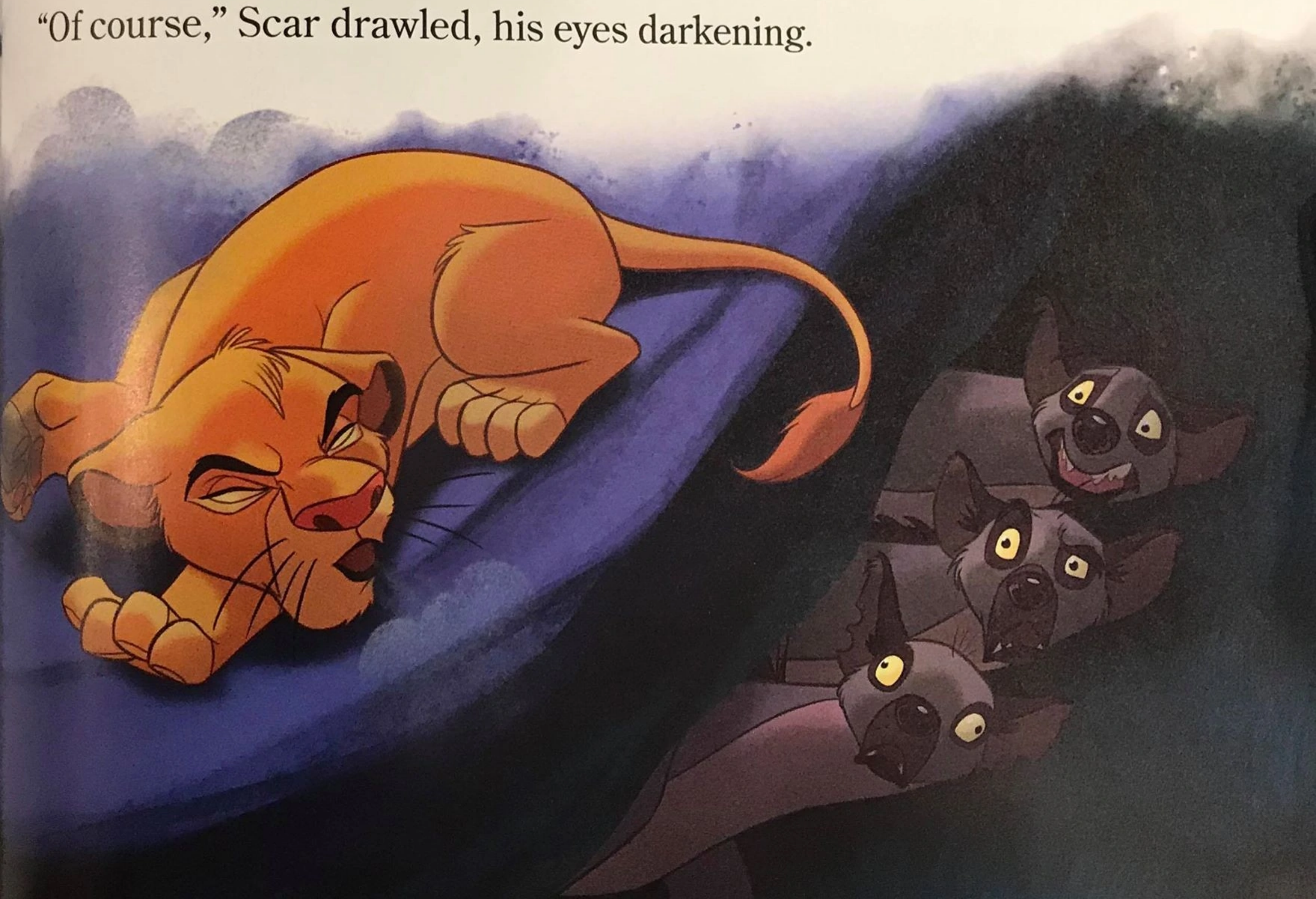


Hearing their cue, the hyenas snuck toward the distracted lions, who were squinting at Scar through the haze. They had almost reached Simba when . . .

"Ah-choo!" Simba sneezed, diverting everyone's attention to him. The hyenas sprinted out of sight.

"Perhaps that's enough dust, Scar," Mufasa advised.

"Of course," Scar drawled, his eyes darkening.

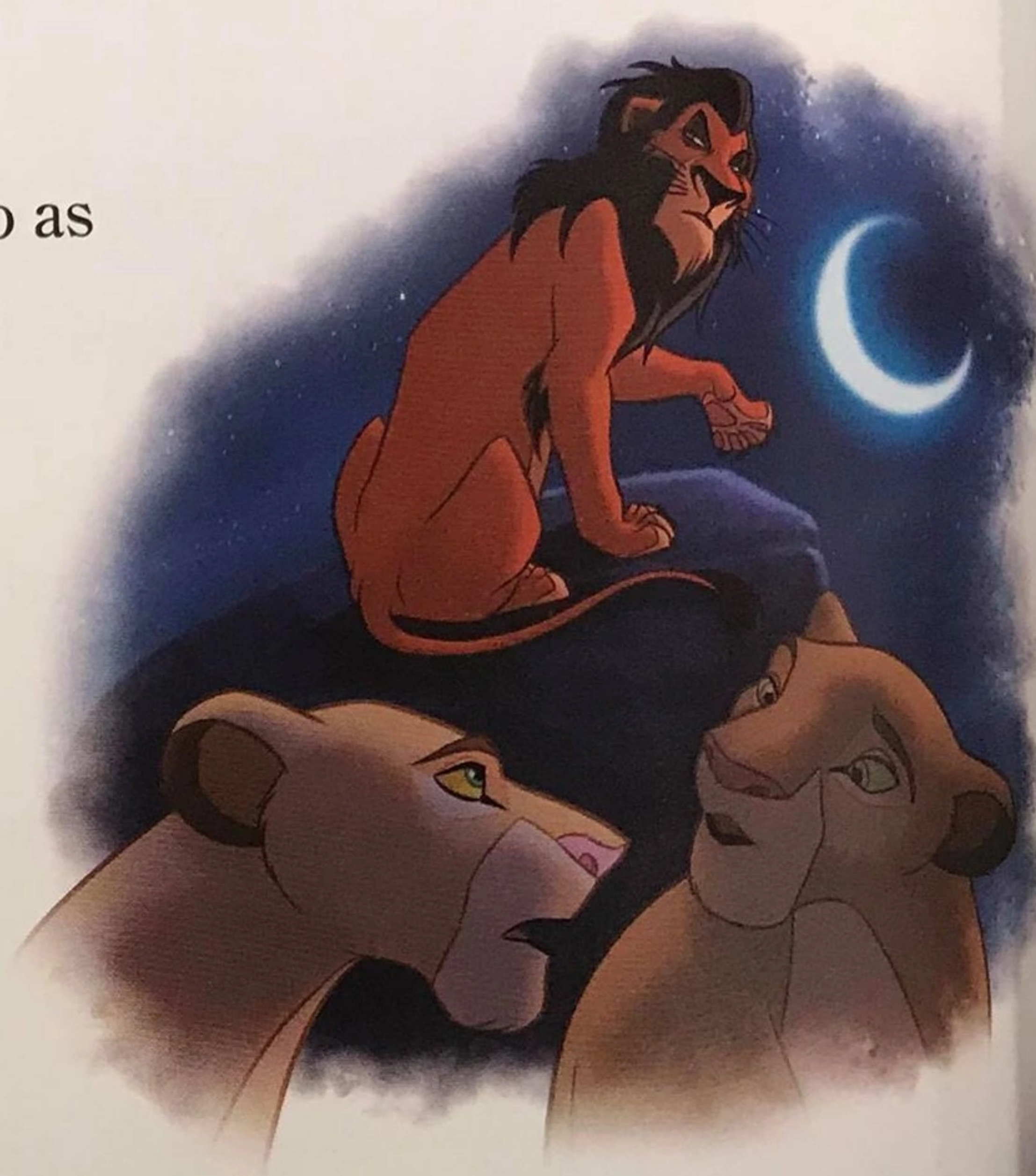


“Unfortunately, things did not go as planned,” Scar continued. “But no matter. The king’s enemies soon came up with another plan. One night, when everyone was fast asleep, they snuck into the king’s den, covered in mud. They were well disguised to blend with the surrounding rocks. When the king woke up, he did not know that his enemies were there with him.”

He raised his voice pointedly. *“Right there with him. Disguised.”*

“Is everything all right?” Zazu asked.

“Of course,” Scar snapped. He took a deep breath, continuing his story as the hyenas—looking as though they had rolled around in the dirt and dust—inched toward Simba on their stomachs.



Suddenly, Mufasa stood up. The hyenas gasped at the sight of the mighty lion and made another hasty retreat.

Frowning, the king peered through the darkness. "Hmmm . . . I thought I heard something." He sat down again. "I apologize, Scar."

"Yes, well . . ." Scar went on, clearly agitated. "The enemies' second idea to sabotage the king did not work, either. So they had to resort to their third and final plan."



“Each day, the king stood on a great rock very similar to this one, and made announcements to his subjects.”

“This is a very odd story,” Zazu muttered.

“And so his enemies gathered at the *base* of the rock,” Scar continued, ignoring the bird. “They climbed up one another until they reached a great height, until the enemy at the top was just high enough to reach the king’s paws. And then . . .”

Scar paused as the hyenas climbed up to reach the space just beneath Simba.

“THEY POUNCED ON THE KING!” Scar bellowed.





The lions were startled, but Scar's outcry had also scared the hyenas! The three hyenas tumbled down the face of Pride Rock.

Out of the corner of his eye, Scar saw the dazed and bruised hyenas shuffle back toward the Elephant Graveyard. He sighed.

"What happened next?" Simba asked.

"Then the king swatted the enemies away," Scar said. "The end."

Simba looked disappointed. "Uncle Scar," he said, "that was a nice story, but maybe next time, you could make it scarier!"

